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When Polly Went Away



By Alec Lambie

Author of "Tommy Norrie," "Old Pip," Etc.

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A52 W4

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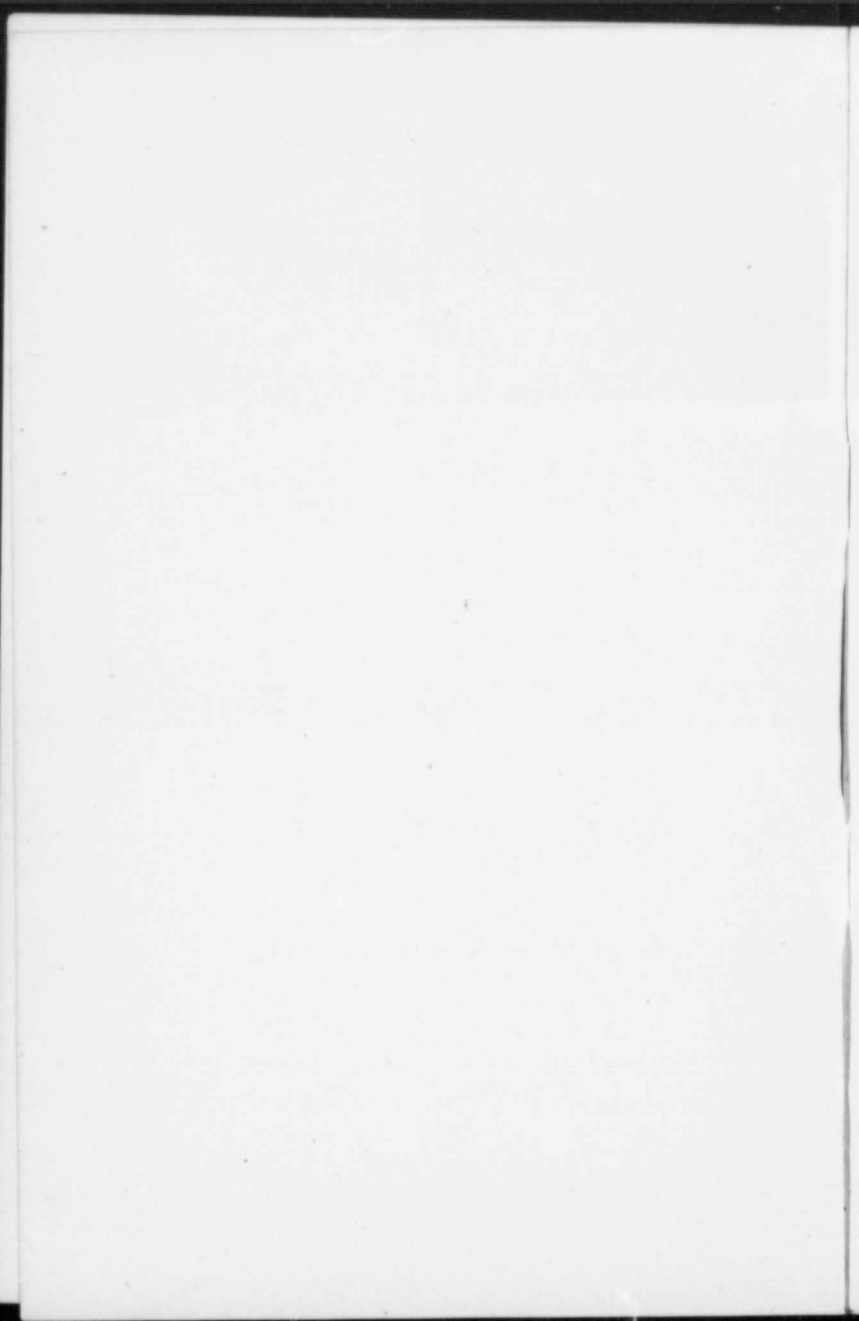
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A Book of Rhyme
For Sleepy Time



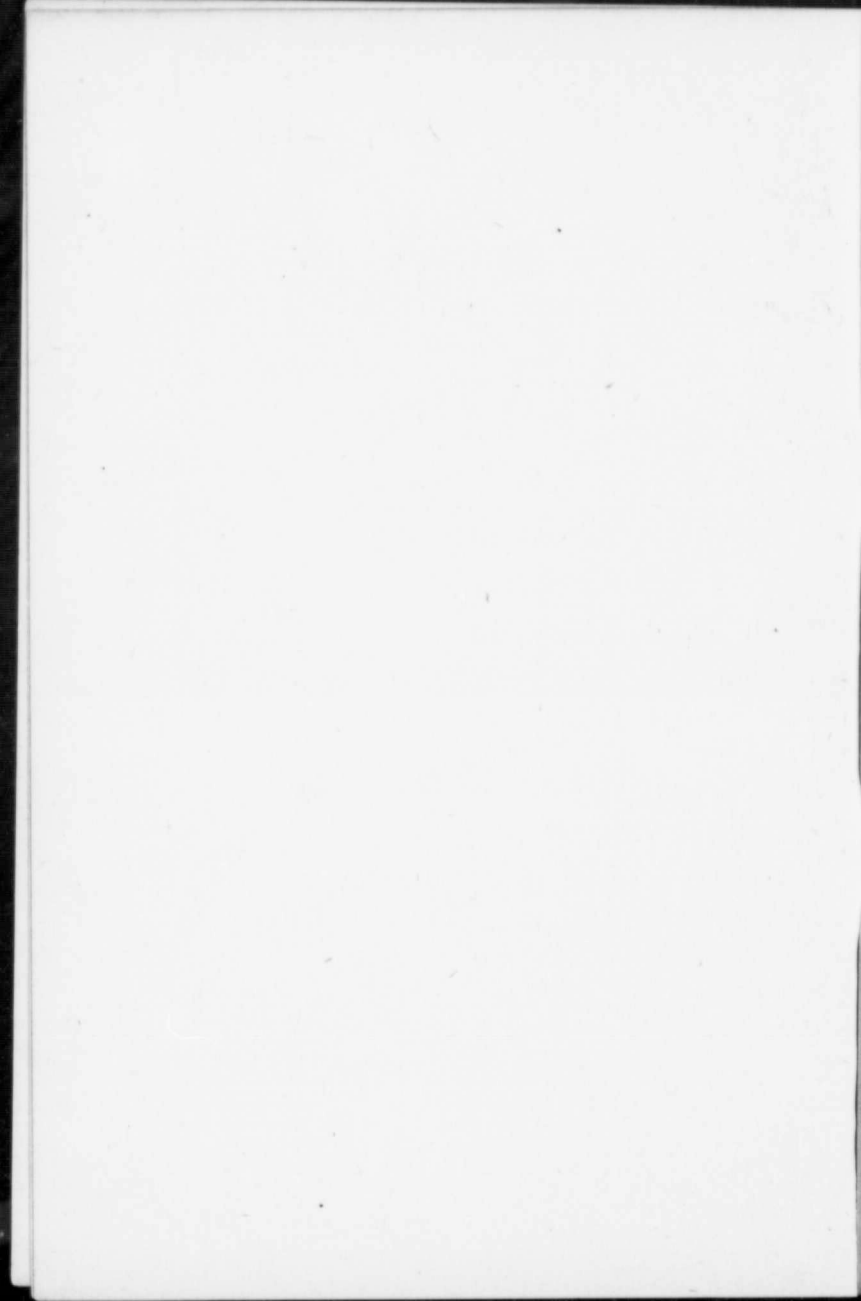
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∴ Dedication ∴



Kiddies small,
Kiddies tall;
Kiddies sad or jolly;
Dan and Will,
Bert and Phil;
Margey, Maud and Molly;
Come right in
And hear me spin
This rhyming tale of Polly.



Ding! Dong! Day!
Polly flew away.
Who broke her ring?
Little Tommy King.





Where did she go?
To call on Mrs. Crow

What did she say?

"Good day! Good day! Good day!

You big dejected jay!

"Good Day
Good Day
Good Day"



"You Big
Dejected Jay"



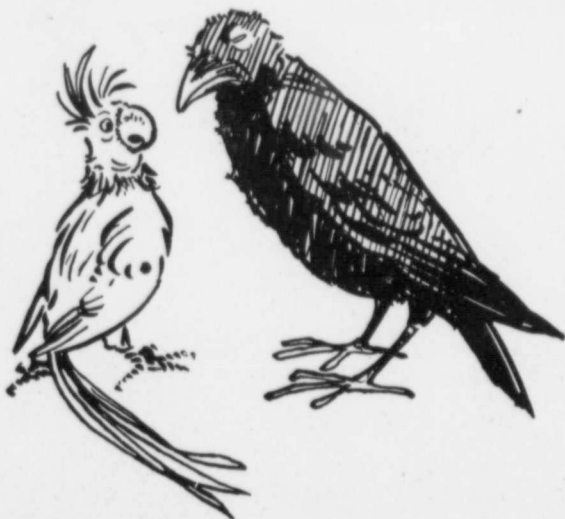
"Tho' once you were a dearie,
Now your cawing makes me weary!"

"I hope," said Mrs. Crow;
"You've come to let me know,
Why my appetite is low,
And what makes have the 'frams'?"

"That's easy," Polly said,
With a waggle of her head

"You go too late to bed,--
And you eat too many clams!"

"My Appetite
IS Low"



"Your Leave-Please"
Don't Delay It"



Tho' very well she knew
That all of it was true;
It stuck like something rough
In the maw of Mrs. Chough.
To Polly quick she turned,
With an eye that fairly burned:---
"You are not nice to say it;---
Your leave---please don't delay it,
And do not come again!

You painted little mannikin!
Just put this in your pannikin,
And eat it with your grain---
Tho' my coat were ten times blacker;
I'd disdain to eat a cracker,
And wear a rusty chain!"

"I'd Disdain
To Eat a
Cracker"



Verse 2.

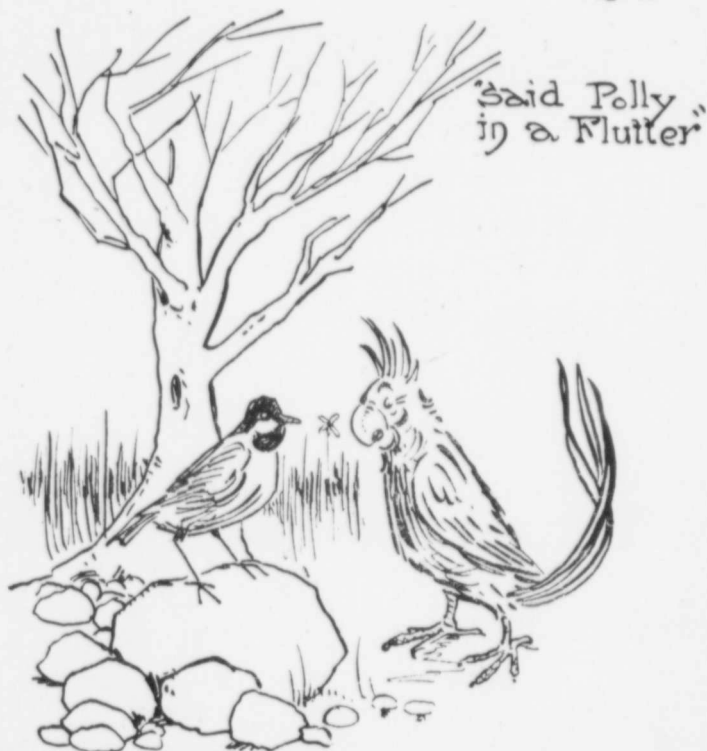


Ding! Dong! Bring!
Polly's on the wing!
Where will she go?
To the willow tree below.
What will she see?
The little Chickadee.--



--- To The
Little
Ghica.dee

Sure enough she found her
With her teeny brood around her.
“Hullo!” Our Polly said,
“What a lovely little head!
Sure, the blue-black feathers on it,
Make it like a new Spring bonnet!
While your little silken wings
Make the daintiest of strings!”
“You talk as if you know me,” said the
Chickadee quite coy;
But your accent,--it alarms me. Are you
sure you’re not a boy?
And your manner is so sudden;--you hardly
seem quite tame;
But since you speak so nicely;--I could love
you just the same.”
Said Polly, in a flutter; all tickled to her toes;
“I’ll repeat it to the neighbors: for whatever
you say--goes.
If they ask me I will tell them to what tribe
you do belong;



With your airy-fairy twitter, and your
Pekoe-Tekoe song!
You're the spirit of a goblin:--I do declare I
have a hunch;
**For you tell us 'tea is ready' when we
have not had our lunch!"**

Verse 3.



Ding! Dong! Den!

Polly's off again:

Through the wood's soft light,

Screaming with delight.—

Just a rainbow streak,

With a horny beak.

Alighting on an elm tree,

She scared a tawny towhee

That hopped upon a limb.

Without a bow or handshake;

Just saying: "For the land's sake!"

Began to talk to him.

"'Tis a pity that a birdie with a lovely
golden eye

Should have neither song nor twitter—
just a little cat like cry;

And a birdie with such nice black wings,
be always on the hop,

From dawn till noon; from noon till dusk,
without a single stop.

Scared A Tawhey Towhee



"The blue-jays say, you spend the day
a-looking for a ring;
A ball of wool, a marble, and a button on
a string!

Why Search
You E/verywhere?



“If that’s not so, then, I would know, why
search you everywhere?
With lowered head, and legs wide spread
and square tail in the air?”



Verse 4

Ding! Dong! Dolly!
"Now, I think," said Polly;
"I will seek the swallow
In the sandy hollow;
Where the creek comes down
Just above the town."

So she left the towhee,
Sitting on the limb;
To find the blue- black martin
And have a talk with him.

"Good-Day!" said Polly brightly, when
she saw him on a bank:

"Excuse my saying, 'Mister'--I love to be
quite frank.

You are a deep-sea sailor, but I do not
know your rank.

I do not know your rank, still, you've
always seemed to me,

The best and bravest Midshipmite that
ever crossed the sea."—

"I've Often
Often
Wondered"



"There's one thing I desire to learn:- and
you must tell me true;
For I've often often wondered why
sailors all wear 'blue'?"

You cannot say? Well lack-a-day! 'Tis all
because of you!

I have the greatest love for news:
especially in rhyme;

So you might guess that more or less
I'm 'picking' all the time

Although I know a fearful lot, I fall
far short:- for instance:

I have a proper sense of sound, but
never one of distance.

If ever, then, I start for home across
the wide, wide sea,

There's nothing that I'd love so much
as have you go with me."

"Dear Polly, you are very kind, your
words near turn my head,

And still, I own, there is some truth
in all that you have said!

A lot of things I've done quite well;
lots more I cannot do

But I have thought a thousand times
and still believe it's true,

**That I could tell some right bright
yarns if I could talk like you!"**



"Polly Loves
Her Ring"

Verse 5.

Ding! Dong! Brack!
Polly has come back.
Ding! Dong! Bring!
Polly loves her ring.



"I Do Believe
Quoth She"

"I do believe," quoth she,
"When you come to think it over,
You reap what e'er you sow,--
Whether weeds or clover.



"If you spice your speech with joy,
or you aim but to annoy;
You will find it comes right back:--
like hot water through a sieve;
Polly knows it; Polly says it:
and just as sure's you live,
In voice and tone and manner,
you get just what you give!"

"You Get
Just What
You Give"

